

Spots are Always On

by Bionic Egypt

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Summary: Marinette believes that Tikki does all the work and that she's only the conduit for her magical friend. Tikki won't stand for it.

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****I really think that this could happen at some point. I mean, Marinette is very hard on herself and Tikki keeps trying to boost her confidence, so why couldn't this happen? Oh, and some of the other Ladybugs mentioned are just from one of my other one-shots which I really recommend you read if you don't mind way too many OCs (they're just past Ladybugs and Chats). Thanks and enjoy **_**Spots are Always On**_**.**

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><p>Spots are Always On<p>

The second Ladybug's feet touched the ground, the pink light raced up her body, transforming her back into Marinette. The young designer sighed as she caught her kwami out of the air. Tikki had done great today as they took down the Siren, a singer who could control people with her voice. Marinette gave the tiny red creature an enormous chocolate chip cookie as thanks for her help.

She had long ago realized that Tikki's magic did most of the work during the battles. Marinette was the mere vessel through which the kwami defeated the akumas. No matter how many times Tikki insisted Marinette was Ladybug, she knew it wasn't true. Obviously the fairy-like creature was the real heroine.

When they got back to her house, she treated Tikki once again, snagging her a red velvet cookie, knowing her kwami's 'secret' weakness for red desserts. Tikki eagerly accepted the treat, but when she noticed the mixture of exhaustion and sadness on her chosen's

face, she stopped nibbling on the sweet. What could have happened on the walk home that the kwami hadn't seen?

"Marinette, what's wrong?" Tikki questioned, setting the cookie aside. She flew over, hovering in front of the bluenette, concerned warmth in her enormous eyes.

Marinette forced a smile onto her face. "It's nothing, Tikki. I was just thinking."

"About what? It must be pretty serious for you to be wearing that expression."

With a heavy sigh, the young designer allowed the fake smile to fall away. "I was just thinking about the fight today. You were awesome, but . . ."

"But?" Tikki prompted when Marinette's voice trailed off. She really didn't like the way this conversation was headed.

"But I'm just a conduit," she admitted. "I don't do anything. You're the power and the grace and the strength and the bravery. Sometimes it just gets to me, you know?"

"That is the stupidest thing I've ever heard in my entire life, and I'm over 5,000 years old!" Tikki snapped harshly, surprising Marinette. The kwami had never been cross before, and yet the anger now radiating from her tiny body was nearly tangible.

"When you say 'Spots On,' I give you three things," she continued, fire in her voice. "I give you the suit, the yo-yo, and Lucky Charm. Those other things you mentioned? They're all you."

"But—" Marinette began before getting cut off.

"No. You have to hear this. You are Ladybug, not me. Don't believe me? I can name dozens of other Ladybugs that haven't been able to do what you can. My chosen in Italy during the Renaissance, Alessa? She threw the yo-yo at the akumas and hoped it worked. Paco, from ancient China? He let his Chat Noir use Cataclysm on a person because he was scared. You're brave and smart and strong and amazing, Marinette. Everything you do in the suit, you can do out of it. You just don't believe in yourself because you think it's me."

Marinette blinked in shock, but Tikki wasn't done yet. Not by a long shot.

"I believe in you, but it hurts to see you doubt yourself. For some reason, you can't see that you're always Ladybug, on both sides of the mask. I can't do the things you can do, Marinette. I'm the push you need to save Paris, not the actual savior. You are great, and I'm proud to be your kwami."

By the end of Tikki's speech, silent tears were dripping down Marinette's face. She'd had no idea that the tiny creature felt that way. Tikki thought she was amazing? Tikki was proud to be her kwami? The bluenette cupped her hands around her friend in a gentle hug.

"Thank you," she breathed, tears splattering onto her bed beneath her

in wet drops.

* * *

><p>The next day at school, Marinette walked into class with her head held high and a confident smile on her face, all thanks to Tikki's kind words.<p>

She was Ladybug. Always and forever.

She just needed someone to tell her so.

* * *

><p>Yay, Tikki! Seriously, who else thinks that this could happen? Thanks for reading!

** ~C**

End
file.